

(1)

A

New Narrative OF THE POPISH PLOT, Shewing the Cunning Contrivance thereof,

WITH A

Signal Providence to this Nation in the Discovery
of It, and the Plotters: To the Confusion of the
wicked Papists, and to the great Comfort of all
good Protestants.

To the Tune of *Packington's Pound*.

The Contents of the FIRST PART.

How Sir Godfrey is kill'd, how his Corps they hide,
Which brought out in Chair, a Horseback do's ride;
How Jesuits disguis'd, our Houses do fire;
How subtly they Plot, and King's Death conspire;
Of divers great Lords drawn in to their Bane,
An Irish Army, and Pilgrims from Spain.

A

I. Good

I.

God People, I pray you, give ear unto me,
A story so strange you have never been told,
How the Jesuit, Devil, and Pope did agree,
Our State to destroy, and Religion so old.

To murder our King,
A most horrible thing,
But first of Sir Godfrey his death I must sing,
For how're they disguise 't, we clearly can see,
Who murder'd that Knight, no good Christian cou'd be.
The truth of my Story if any man doubts,
Witnesses ready to swear it all out.

II. HTW

AT Somerset house there is plain to be seen,
A Gate which will lead you into the Back-Court,
This ^{*}Place for the Murder most fitting did seem,
For thither much People do freely resort,
His Body they toss'd,
From Pillar to Post,
And shifted ^{*}so often, 'thad like t' have been lost.
To watch with ^{*}dark Lanthorn the Jesuits did go,
But no ways distrusted our honest ^{*}Bedlo.
The truth of my Story, &c.

III.

Left such close Contrivements at length might take Air,
When as his dead Body corrupted did grow,
They quickly did find an ^{*}Invisible Chair,
And set him on ^{*}Horseback to ride at So-Hoe.
His own ^{*}Sword to th' Halt,
To add to their Guilt,
They thrust through his Body, but no blood was ^{*}spilt;
T' have it thought he was kill'd by a Thief, they did mean,
So they left ^{*}all's Money, and made his ^{*}Shooes clean.
The truth of my Story, &c..

IV. To

Harvard College Library,
Coddington Fund,
October 25, 1935

*Vid. Hill's Tryal.
p. 16.

*Viz. 4 times.
p. 18, & 19.
*Vid. p. 18.
*Vid. p. 31.

*The Sentinels saw
none. p. 69.
*Vid. p. 20.
*Vid. p. 35.

*Ibid.
*Ibid.
*Vid. Coroner's In-
quest.

IV.

TO shew now th' excess of Jesuitical Rage,
They this *Loyal City* to ruine would bring,
'Cause you *Citizens* are so religious and sage,
And ever much noted as true to your King;

T' your *Houses* they go,
With * *Fire* and *Tow*,
Then * *pilfer* your *Goods*, and 'tis well you scape so,
Y' have seen how they once set the *Town* all in *Flame*;
Yet 'tis their best *Refuge*, if we believe *Fame*.

The truth of my Story, &c.

* Vid. Dr. Oates's

Nar. p. 22.

* *Ibid.* p. 22.

V.

BY * *Bedle's Narration* is shewn you most cleare,
How Jesuits disguis'd into *Houses* will creep,
In a *Porter's* or *Carman's* * *Frock* they appear,
Nay will not disdain to cry *Chimney-sweep*,

Or sell you *Small-Cole*,

Then drop in some hole

A *Fire-Ball*, or thrust it up by a long *Pole*,
But I now must relate a more *Tragical* thing,
How these *Villains* conspir'd to *murder* our King.

The truth of my Story, &c.

* Vid. *Bedle's Narr.* all
alone.

* Vid. also Dr.
Oates's *Nar.* p. 63.

VI.

AT th' * *White-Horse* in *April* was their main *Conspic*,
Where a * *Writing* these *Plotters* wickedly fram'd,
The * *Death* of our *Sovereign* was the *Result*,
To which at least * *Forty* all signed their name.

They would not do that,

In the place where they sat,

Trusty Oates must * *conveyt* from this man re that;
To make sure work, by * *Poyson* the *Deed* must be done,
And by a * *long Dagger*, and * *shot* from a *Gun*.

The truth of my Story, &c.

* Vid. *Ireland's Try-*
al. p. 19.

* *Ibid.*

* *Ibid.*

* Vid. p. 26.

* Vid. p. 20.

* Vid. Oates's *Nar.*

p. 21.

* Vid. p. 47.

* Vid. *Pikering's*

Tryal. p. 23, &c.

VII. VI

For fear at St. Omers, their Oates might be miss'd,
They agreed with a Devil to appear in his place:
In a Body of Air, believ'd if you will,
Which lookt just like Oates, and mov'd with the same grace;

'T cou'd Plot, it cou'dn't Cant;

Turn eyes like a Saim, who has seen the world.

And of our great Doctor no feature did want.
Thus ~~hundreds~~ might hear, they saw One, ev'ry day,
But true Oates was ~~dead~~, and the Devil saw they!
The truth of my Story, &c.

VIII. Y

From Father Olivie's Commission did come
To take a great Army much Treasure is spent;
The Old Man of France think to take Pote from Rome,
For to ride at the Plead of them was His intent.

But *Bellas* was fit, so we may not go.

Who can deny it, - said some in gold and purple.

To command in his place, when His Commission'd permit;
Lord * Stafford was prop'ret to stuff with their Pay,
Old * Ratcliff to range them in Bartel Array.

The truth of my Story, &c. will tell to their satisfaction.

IX.

THE HIGH TREASURERS place the Lord * Powis did please,
Men of deep wise Fortunes oft venture too far;
Lord * Peters wou'd hazard Estate, and his Ease,
And Life for the Pope too, in this Holy War;
Lord Ar'ndel of old,

Lord Ar'ndel of old.

So warlike and bold,

Made choice of a "Chancellor's Gown" we are told
All these did conspire with the *Lord Castlemaine*,
Whom now his good Dutches shall ne're catch again.

The truth of my Story, &c.

X. Great

Great store of wild * Irish both civil and wise,
Designed to join with the * Pilgrims of Spain,
Many * thousands being ready all in good guise,
Had vow'd a long Pilgrimage over the Main.

* Vid. *Lords Journal*, as also *Langborne's Tryal*. p. 20.

* *Ibid.*

* *Ibid.*

To arm well this Host,
When it came on our Coast,
* Black Bills forty thousand, are sent by the Post,
This * Army lay privately on the Sea-shore,
And no man e're heard of them since or before.

* Vid. *Coleman's Tryal*. p. 23.

* Vid. *Journal, and Tryal*, ut supra.

The truth of my Story, &c.

The Contents of the SECOND PART.

Of Arms under ground for Horse and for Foot,
The King almost kill'd, but Gun will not shoot,
For which Pick-ring is whipt. All of them swear
To be true to the Plot, yet Oates not for fear,
But Revenge, being turn'd away, and well hang'd,
Discovers them all; the Jesuits are hang'd.

He that being thus subtly contriv'd, as you hear,
To God know's how many this * Secret th' impart.
Some famous for Cheats, yet their Faith they don't fear,
To rye a Knave fast they had found a new Art.

* As appears in the several Tryals.

They * swore on a Book,
And * Sacrament took,
But you'll find if into their grave Authors you look,
To forswear's no sin (as th' * Recorder well notes),
Nor Treason, Rebellion, nor cutting of Throats.

* Vid. *Ireland's Tryal*. p. 23.

* Vid. also *Hill's Tryal*. p. 32.

* Vid. his Speech in *Ireland's Tryal*. p. 81.

The truth of my Story, &c.

I I.

Still blinded with Zeal, and inveigled by Hope,
Store of Arms they provide for Fight and Defence
The Lords must command, as Vice-Roys of the Pope,
And all over England they raise * Peter-pence.

* Vid. p. 30.

* Vid. Jesuits Tryal.

p. 33.

* Vid. p. 29.

* Vid. Dr. Oates's
Narr. all along.

Their Letters they send,

By * Bedlo their Friend,

Or else by the * Post, to shew what they intend,

Some hundreds * Oates saw, which the Jesuits did write;

* Tis a wonder not one of them e're came to light.

The truth of my Story, &c.

I II.

* Vid. Coleman's
Tryal. p. 23.

* Vid. p. 40.

Pounds two hundred thousand they to * Ireland sent,
Fifteen thousand to * Wakeman for Potions and Pills.
Forty thousand in Fire-Works, we guess that they spent,
And at least ten thousand for the foresaid Black Bills;

Fifteen hundred more

* Grove shou'd have, they swore;

Four Gentlemen Ruffians deserved * Fourscore;
Pious Pickering they knew was of Masses more fond,
And for * thirty thousand they gave him a Bond.

The truth of my Story, &c.

I V.

* Vid. Ireland's Tryal.
al. p. 24.

* Vid. p. 25.

These two, to kill the King by Promises won
Had now watch'd for some * years in St. James his Park,
And Pickring who never yet * shot off a Gun
Was about to take aim, for he had a fair mark;

Just going to begin't,

He missed his * Flint,

And looking in Pan there was no * Powder in't;
For which, he their Pardon does humbly beseech,
Yet had thirty good * lishes upon his bare Breech.

The truth of my Story, &c.

V. But

V.

But a fadder mischance to the *Plot* did befall,
For *Oates* their *main Engine* fail'd, when it came to't;
No marvail indeed if he coufen'd them all,
Who turn'd him a * *begging*, and * *beat* him to boor.

He wheeling about

The whole Party did rout,

And from lurking holes did ferret them out;
Till running himself blind, be none of them * knew,
And fainting at * *Council*, he could not swear true.

The truth of my Story, &c.

* *Vid. Wakeman's Tryal.* p. 73.
* *Vid. Jesuits Tryal.* p. 91.

* *Wak.* p. 30, & 55.
as also *Coleman's Tryal.* p. 30.
* *Ibid.*

VI.

TO strengthen our *Doctor*, brave *Bedlo's* brought in,
A more credible *Witness* was not above ground,
He vows and protests what e're he had bin,
He wou'd not swear false now, for *five hundred pound*;
And why should we fear,
They *falsly* would swear,
To damn their own * *Souls*, and to lose by it here;
For *Oates* who before had no *Penny in Purse*
Discov'ring the *Plot*, was *seven hundred pound* * *worse*.
The truth of my Story, &c.

* *Vid. Wakeman's Tryal.* p. 40.
* *Thos Dr. Oates and Mr. Bedlo affirm in Langborne's Tryal.*

VII.

Two *Witnesses* more were let loose from the *Tryal*,
Though * *One*, 'tis confess'd, did run back from his word, * *Mr. Prance*.
In danger of life a good man may be frail;
And th' * *Other* they slander for cheating his *Lord*;
T' each one of these men,
The *Jesuits* brought * *ten*.
~~T~~o disprove 'um in time and in place, but what then?
One *Circumstance* lately was sworn most clear
By a * *Man* who in *hopes* has *four hundred a year*.
The truth of my Story, &c.

* *Mr. Dugdale.*

* *Vid. Jesuits Tryal all along.*

* *Viz. That Ireland was in Town, Aug. 19. Wak. Tryal. p. 22.*

* *Mr. Jenison.*

VIII. Be-

VIII.

Besides 'twas oft urg'd; We must always suppose,
To murder the King a great Plot there has bin,
And who to contrive it so likely as those
Who Murders and Treasons do hold for no Sin.
Things being thus plain
To plead was in vain,
The Jury instructed again and again,
Did find them all Guilty, and to thew 'twas well done,
The People gave a Shout for Victory won.
The truth of my Story, &c.

IX.

Tis strange how these Jesuits so subtle and wise,
Should all by the Pope be so basely trapan'd,
To hang with much comfort when he shall advise,
And go to the Devil rod at his command.
He may give them leave,
To lie and deceive,
But what when the Rope do's of Life them bereave,
Can his Holiness think you dispense with that pain,
Or by his Indulgences raise them again ?
The truth of my Story, &c.

X.

Ver like Mad-men of Life a Contempt they express,
And of their own happiness careless appear;
For Life and for Money not one would confess,
Th' had rather be damn'd, than be rich, and live here;
But surely they ray'd
When God they out-brav'd,
And thought to renounce him the way to be sav'd ;
And with Lyes in their mouth go t' Heav'n in a string ;
So prosper all Traytors, and God save the King.
The truth of my Story, &c.

Concordat cum Recordo.

FINIS.

